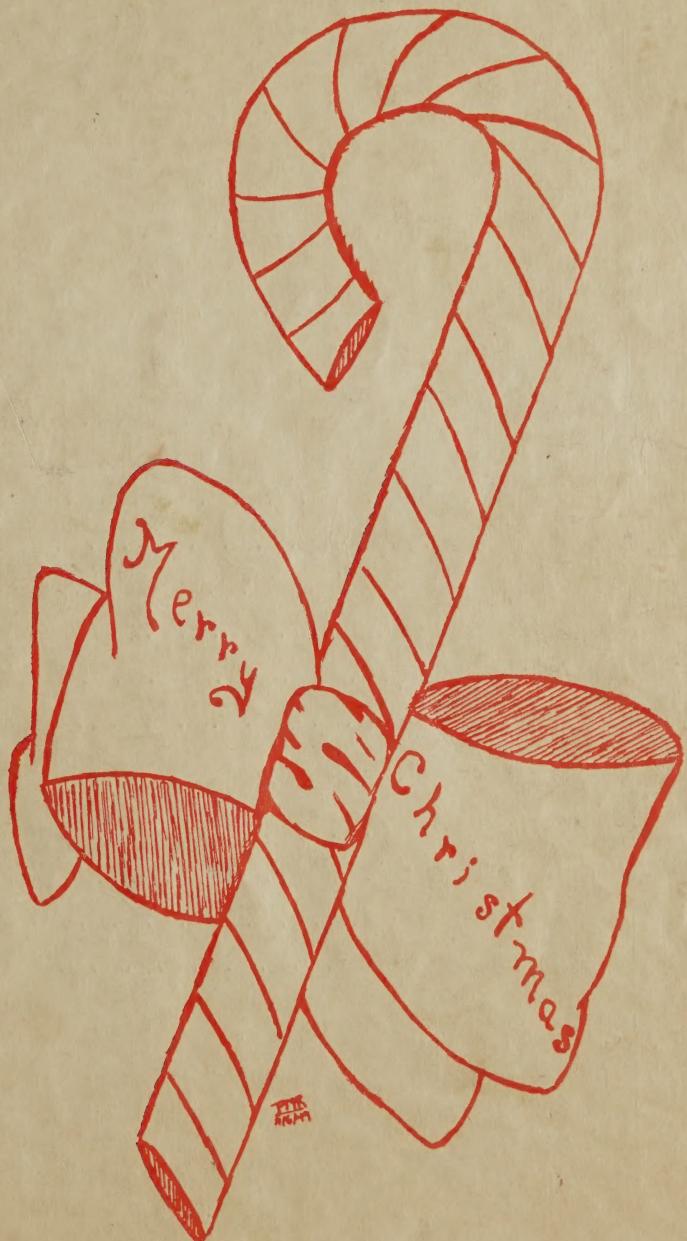


THE PINKERTON

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The Pinkerton Critic

Published by the Students of
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DECEMBER 1949

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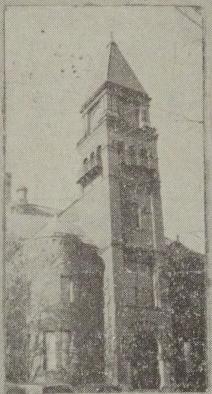
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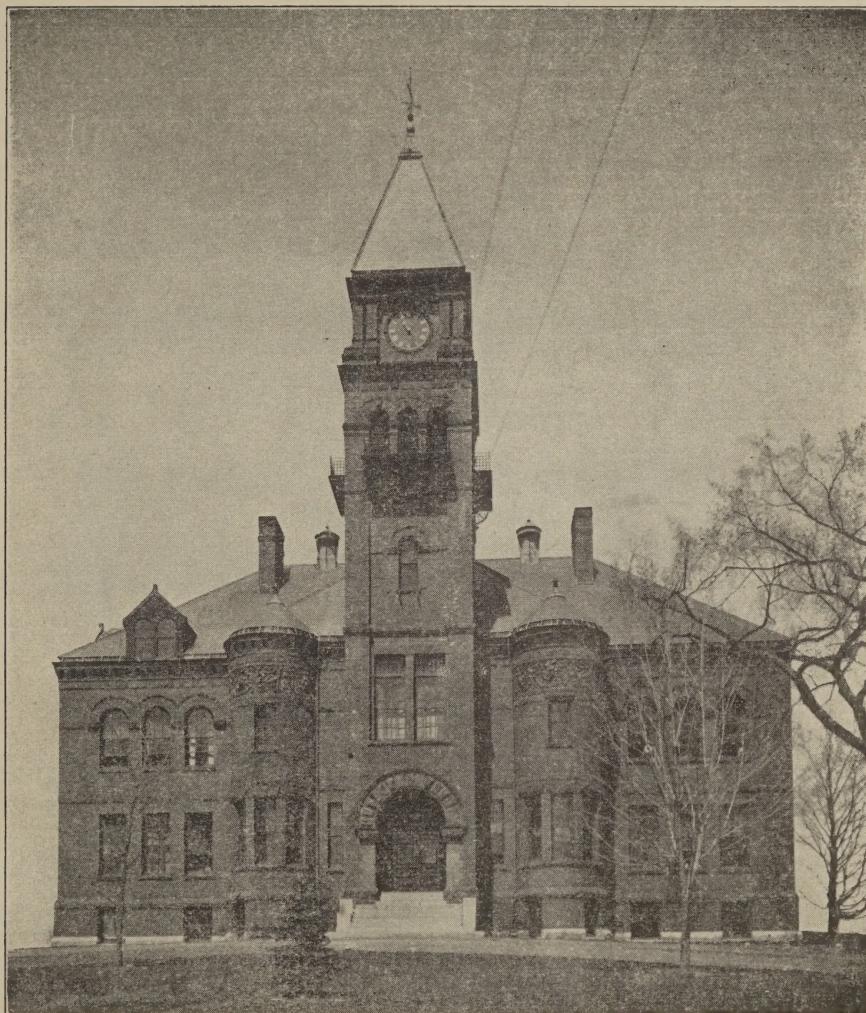
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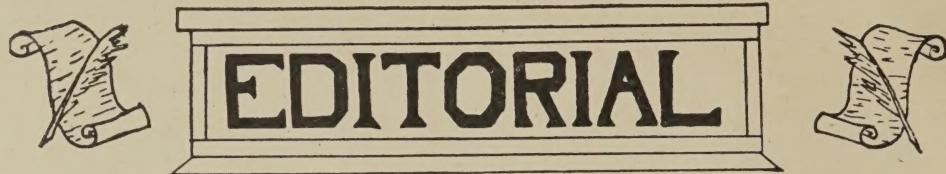


Photos by Kumin and MacDonald

"PINKERTON"



O Pinkerton, we hail thee,
Facing the eastern light;
We'll strive for thee and
praise thee—
For the red and for the
white.



KNOWLEDGE IN THE BANK

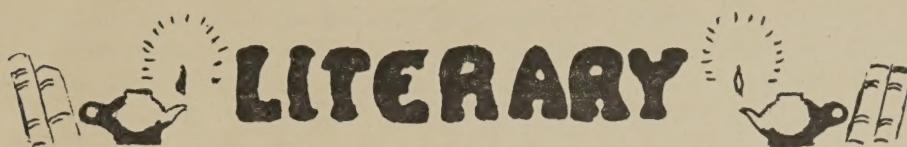
Many of us here at Pinkerton are vaguely aware that these are the "most care-free and happy days of our lives," and that no matter how much we gripe about school, homework, and life in general, someday, we will look back on these very days with the greatest of enjoyment. Others feel that school is one continuous bore and that the thing to do is to idle away as much time as possible with the idea of outsmarting parents and teachers who are trying their best to give us a good education. A more intelligent person would look at the serious side of the question. These four years will determine to a great extent, our success in later life, and for those who are going to college, high school is a stepping stone to higher learning. It is a temptation to many would-be students to loaf and fool during classes, and school to them is something to finish as soon as possible. Nothing could convince these pupils that they are hurting only themselves. Others feel that some of their subjects are too hard and that it is impossible to get good marks. They would be delighted to make high grades but studying just seems to be too difficult for them. Therefore, they slide through the term, cramming now and then for a test, and when report cards come out, they are disappointed at the results.

Then there are the people who study and make good marks but who never take part in school activities. These psychological misfits are almost as bad as the ones who never study at all since the teachers themselves would be the first to say that a happily adjusted social life is most essential to school success.

Being an active member of a club, athletic team or any musical organization gives one a sense of personal achievement, school spirit and good fellowship. In other words, if a student can attain this social and scholastic balance, he will not only become a part of the school, but the school will become a part of him. This in turn makes some students want to absorb knowledge, which after all, is the main object of high school.

Knowledge may be thought of as money in a bank. It can be taken in and stored for future use and with a substantial amount of it, the owner finds that he is better equipped to cope with whatever bills life's bookkeeper may see fit to send him. Let no student fool himself that this particular bookkeeper is modest in his demands whether the debtor is sixteen or sixty.

The Editor.



LITERARY

HARVARD ON PARADE

Last summer, my father's twenty-fifth reunion was held in Cambridge and for five days the staid old city was in a gay turmoil. Since the "twenty-fifth" is the most celebrated event in any Harvard man's career, and the only reunion to which wives and children are allowed, I was thrilled at the thought of being able to stay at Harvard for almost a week.

The group of nearly fourteen hundred people stayed in various dormitories in the "yard," and we were assigned to Mathew's Hall. It took us most of the day to get settled and registered, but that very night I began to become acquainted with some of the Harvard traditions.

We had supper at the Hasty Pudding which at first sight appeared to be a rather unimpressive building located on an obscure side street. When I stepped inside, however, it was like entering a new world. All the walls from the third story down were arrayed with pictures of the different shows that the famous club had put on in past years. There was an air of unrepressed gaiety throughout the club and as I ate, I noticed that the colors green and white predominated over all the others. These were the colors of my father's class, and later whenever I saw anyone in Cambridge dressed in green and white, I knew that he was probably a Harvard man.

The next day, we went on a conducted tour through part of the college. Of course we couldn't visit all sixty buildings, but we did go to the libraries and a few museums. Our first stop was at the Lamont Library, one of Harvard's newest buildings. The inside was a student's paradise with cream colored walls, maple desks and chairs, and even a smoking lounge. There was a special poetry room where there were records of poetry by the prominent authors which could be played at any time on the machine. The best thing about this arrangement was that there were individual earphones so that the room was never noisy.

Widener Library, which we visited next, was not so modern as Lamont, but just as impressive. The long front steps with the high pillars indeed represented an institute of learning. After reading the story of Harry Widener, the building has become more intriguing and it means more to me now than it did then.

The Fogg Art Museum was next on our tour, and somehow, the place gave me a despondent, depressed feeling. Its inside arches of grey stone and the hollow quietness of its rooms provided a cave-like atmosphere which was very gloomy. When we entered a room full of Picasso's paintings, however, the effect was immediately changed. I could almost imagine that I was at a circus as I stood among the canvases covered with weird colors and grotesque images. There also, we saw the famous Gutenberg Bible, the first printed book of any kind. To all appearances, it was only a few years old, although it was printed in 1456.

By this time, the older people were definitely on the weary side, and they decided to drop out leaving us of more rugged constitution to continue the tour by ourselves. The guide also was beginning to look a little worse for the wear and after two more buildings, we all dispersed and went to lunch.

During the next few days, we saw other parts of Harvard the swimming pool, the Union Club, and the great stadium where all the "home" games are played. We all experienced a big thrill as we saw and heard the famous Harvard band come marching up the street.

The climax and most impressive part of our visit was the graduation exercises, held on the last day. There was an air of solemn formality as the diplomas were given out, and then the guest speakers gave short but serious talks to the class of "forty-nine." The two most interesting to me were Ralph Bunche, newly appointed mediator to Palestine, and the very great General Eisenhower.

One of the things that impressed me the most was the way the graduates of 1924 flocked from all over the world in order to be present at their reunion. One family flew from Paris, another from Denmark, and one from South America.

When it was finally time to leave, my feelings were slightly mixed; regret that I could never go to another reunion with my father, and pride that I had been able to take part in such a great tradition.

Joan DeCourcy '50

THE ESSAY

The essay is one form of American literature that really gets thrown around, especially by high school students the country wide, who, like me, have to pass one in each week. And often times, more often than we like to admit, these essays are scribbled off in ten or fifteen minutes at the end of a study or in the morning before school. Consequently, since the only thought is to "complete" the essay, little thought is put into the contents of it.

A good essay cannot be turned out "assembly line" fashion, as so many are. They must be written at least once and then read and copied over to be of value. Unless this is done, you receive a confusion of ideas written down as they come to the writer and passed in under the guise of an "essay."

To some people, in whose ranks I am unfortunately included, the writing of a suitable essay is one of the greatest tasks put before them. We rack our minds for hours looking for titles and subjects, rejecting hundreds for various reasons. Then at last we come up with something that isn't quite as good as we'd like, but accept it for what it's worth and commence to get the best out of it, promising ourselves that "next" time we will produce something really creditable and distinctive.

To some, the skill of writing essays comes naturally. They turn out masterpiece after masterpiece. But most high school essays are a gross "smattering" of the subjects chosen and are just a general confusion of thoughts put down to fill two sides of a paper.

The definition of an essay is a "try." It is an attempt of the author to put down his thoughts and ideas on a certain subject. But what I want to know is just how "weak" an attempt can a person make?

Robert Donegan '50

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO!

Our household is ruled by a veritable tryant. He is a lordly soul, regal in appearance, but he is, nevertheless, a tyrant.

Although he is right in the prime of life, he has traces of grayish white hair.

He is meticulous by nature, very proud of his snappy attire, and his manner is such that all who see him recognize him at once for what he is - the master.

I prefer not to mention names now, but I have no doubt that you know what I mean. Just about every normal household consists of one, who is also usually the boss of the family.

Our lord and master wants everything to go his way. He comes in at all hours, and expects a hot meal waiting for him. If it isn't ready, we all run around madly to get things ready.

He has his own favorite chair which all others tremble to sit in. If caught there, we are promptly given a swift removal, and a contemptuous look.

Sometimes, coming in from his duties of the day, tired and cold, the house is not quite warm enough. Believe me, we hear about it.

His favorite song is "None But The Lonely Heart," preferably played on the piano. The one song his nerves will not bear is "I Love You So Much It Hurts Me."

His hobbies, when he finds the time, are hunting and ball playing.

Sometimes, he repents for the way he has treated his family, and sits sadly gazing into space. When this happens, I suggest a ride. He loves to ride, and appears quite contented after a leisurely drive.

He doesn't trust doctors, except one specialist out-of-town, to whom he has been frequently, having been in poor health until last year or so. To this doctor only will he respond and obey.

Maybe he sounds like a brutal, ill-tempered despot, but deep inside, he has a heart of gold.

We all love him dearly, and we know that home would never be the same without him. Now you want to know his name? It's Poopsie, my tiger cat.

Joanne Merrill '50

A SYNTHETIC CHRISTMAS

The spirit of Christmas started nearly two thousand years ago, yet as the years go by, nothing is lost. On the contrary, the Christmas spirit seems to add something to itself each year. As an example I would like to cite an incident occurring in the South last year. A group of well-to-do people were homesick for a white Christmas, but their health was such that it would not allow them to journey to the North to participate in a good old New England white Christmas. After much deliberation, they decided to pool their resources and wealth and simulate a white Christmas. Disregarding cost, they hired planes to drop artificial snow on the beaches and there beneath the stars and falling man-made snow, they set up their trees, sang carols, and exchanged gifts.

Imagine the sentiment and true Christmas spirit these people must have had! Surely the snow and trees may be artificial and man-made, but the Christmas spirit

is something more beautiful and more inspiring than anything possible of man's creation.

Dorothy Dexter '50

"FATE"

One afternoon not too long ago, I was feeling pretty wonderful. I actually had a date with my dream man. I wanted to look extra special for him.

I planned to wear a very pretty black dress, one that was too old for me, and I was going to fix my hair in a very striking style, I thought.

When I got home from school that afternoon, I set my hair first of all. My dress was at the cleaners, so I couldn't do anything about that. It was supposed to come late that afternoon.

Soon it was five o'clock and the dress had not come. I hoped that the delivery man would work overtime so I would get my dress.

At six-thirty I was totally disappointed. I knew by then that I certainly wouldn't be able to wear that dress. My crowning glory wouldn't stay put in the new hair-do, so I just combed it out. Everything happens to me.

I put on a "Sloppy Joe" sweater and a plaid skirt. Plain white bobby sox made the outfit complete. I could have cried.

My date came, we went out, and I had a wonderful evening. When he brought me home, he said he had a wonderful time and asked me for another date the following week-end.

As I lay sleepless on my pillow, I realized that fate had been with me. He wouldn't have liked me dressed like a sophisticated snob. He liked me as I really was. Just a plain teen-ager.

Betty Chadwick '50

SCHOOL DAZE

School has started! Young people all over the country are again off to school after two months' vacation. The summer is over now and it's time to think again.

Many of our teen-agers seem to dislike school immensely. They don't realize that they are much better off in school than if they were working. Personally, I prefer school.

The social activities that are put on are very enjoyable to all who attend them. If you miss a school dance or party, you will regret it later. If you don't take part in the fun at school, naturally, you will be acquainted with homework and nothing more.

Interscholastic sports are also required for fun and enjoyment. There is nothing more exciting than cheering a home team on to victory. All students should attend every game, if it is possible.

Any high school student who sits back and criticizes his school is one who does not take part in school activities. If he is left out of everything, it is because he hasn't tried to mix in with the rest of the school crowd.

If high school students want to enjoy school days, they'd better keep out of a school daze.

Dorothy Jodoin '50

TWO SECONDS

The evening dishes had been completed. I had picked up my school books and started for my room where I would begin my studying.

First, I thought to myself, "I'll call Jane to find out what she is writing about for her English theme. I wish I could think of something interesting to write on, but I have run out of ideas."

"Number please."

"Operator, I would like 275-M please."

"Hello."

"Hi, Jane. This is Virginia."

There were a few loud clicks and we were disconnected. I heard two men talking.

"Joe, is everything ready for tonight?"

"Yes, I think it will go off as we have planned. It is set for twelve o'clock at the warehouse. I don't think any one suspects us of doing it. It is ours and if anyone interferes, we'll take care of them."

"We'll put a stop to what's been going on. They won't know what hit them. I guess if everything is all set, we will be rolling in that green stuff soon."

Then they hung up. I couldn't believe my ears. I was petrified. Yet I had heard right. Someone was planning to blow up the warehouse. I had to do something. Perhaps lives were in danger.

I put my coat on and ran as fast as I could to the police station. When I got there, I told the story of what I had heard those two men saying to each other. I explained to the police that in just three hours the warehouse would be blown up. A time bomb was in there at this very minute. They had to do something immediately.

I went home thinking how lucky it was I had overheard their conversation. I was too excited to do my homework when I reached home.

About ten o'clock, I received a telephone call from the chief-of-police. He told me that the police squad had been all over the warehouse from top to bottom and they had found nothing but a lot of grain. They thanked me for my good intentions and all my trouble.

I wasn't satisfied. I knew something was wrong. There was a time bomb in that warehouse and I was going to find it. As I walked down the dark road that lead to the warehouse, I threw all my fear away. I was going to save the warehouse and maybe some lives by finding the time bomb. It was now 10:30. I had exactly one and one half hours left. I found a broken window and crawled in. I opened a large door and entered the main part of the warehouse where the grain was kept. When I heard the large door click behind me, I was petrified for I knew it had locked. I had been in the warehouse many times and I knew the door was the only way out of the room. I began to hear a ticking. Could it be the bomb? Where was it? How could I get out? I looked at my watch. It was now 11:30. I had one-half an hour left. I could hear the ticking of the bomb. It seemed to grow louder and louder. Where is it? Where is it? How can I get out? I finally gave up in despair. I

sank down on a box. The room was dark and dreary. Was this all really happening to me? Was my life to end now? The time seemed to fly. It was now five seconds before twelve o'clock. Then four seconds, three and then two seconds. In two seconds what would happen? I was shaking all over. Although it was cold in the warehouse, I was hot. Then I heard a terrific noise and I fell to the floor. When I came to, two men were looking at me. They said they were sorry if I was frightened by the noise of their rat traps going off. They went on telling me of their success. They had invented a different, better rat-trap that would save them a lot of money in the warehouse. It seemed the rats were eating up a good deal of grain. The next day they were going to have this new invention patented.

Here I was in a warehouse at 12:15 and just reviving from the worst scare of my life.

When I arrived home, I did a lot of explaining to my very anxious parents. After I finished telling my story, we all went to bed. As I passed my desk, I noticed the pile of books that hadn't been touched. My heart sank. But I sighed with relief because I now had my topic for my English theme.

Virginia Pillsbury '51

WHEN FATHER CARVES THE TURKEY

Thanksgiving comes but once a year, but there is also Christmas and on these occasions unless we dine out, someone has to carve the turkey, that traditional American bird. Father does; not because of any special qualification he has, but because his father and his father's father before him did it.

After the savory fowl is placed in state on the table, its bier surrounded by sundry decorations such as one would see in Epicurean journals, we are forced to sit around the table while listening to that erstwhile master of culinary surgery draw his gleaming blade over an abrasive tablet. Finally the steel sinks into the somewhat cooled-off turkey and some juice takes deliberate aim and rises from the incision to hit Father in his optic organ. At this juncture all carving stops while napkins restore Father's sight. After everything settles down, the next calamity occurs when a motion of the knife pushes the turkey off the platter on to the white linen tablecloth with rather alarming velocity. The turkey displaces a former resident of the area, a large cream pitcher and precipitates the cream into the gravy boat and from then on we have well-creamed gravy. Diligent use of forks gets the now rather cool bird back in place, and a piece of white breast meat is passed precariously on the point of a knife to Mother, the guest of honor. Naturally, before it gets there, a frisky zephyr from a nearby window gently pushes the meat off the knife. Because of this a veritable blockbuster of cold sliced turkey hits the butter. This is too much. Father can stand no more.

"Why do I always have to do the dirty work around here? You cooked the turkey, why don't you carve it?"

With this, Father turns over his place to Mother and we can stop laughing behind our napkins and eat.

Paul Pillsbury '52

IT WORKED LIKE MAGIC

Jane Nickerson smiled warmly at the reflection of her younger sister Joan in the mirror. Poor Joan, she thought, she just doesn't have any confidence in herself. Here she was getting ready for the big school dance. She had a date with one of the most popular boys in school. That alone should give her confidence of a good time.

Jane was eighteen with a cute baby face and big blue eyes. She had always been popular in high school. She had always helped her sister along, trying to make her get over her self-consciousness.

Joan's hair was soon in pretty waves around her face. She had a worried look on her face as she turned to Jane.

"I wish I could be sure of myself. I know that I will trip on my dress and make Bruce ashamed of me."

"Why Joan, what a silly thing to say. You'll go and have a wonderful time."

"How can I have fun? Every time someone asks me to dance my knees get wobbly and I get so tense that I stumble over everybody."

"I'll tell you what, Joan, I'll pin my lucky piece on the inside of your skirt. Every time you get nervous just think of it and maybe you will feel better."

Joan's eyes lighted up. Why, of course, with her sister's lucky piece, she'd have fun. Just five more minutes and Bruce would be there.

Jane bent down to pin the lucky piece on the gown as the doorbell rang. Joan swept down the stairs feeling even better than she thought that she could when she saw the look of admiration in Bruce's eyes.

Joan looked radiant at the dance. Every time she felt nervous she thought of the lucky piece and a smile of confidence would appear on her face.

When she got home, she couldn't resist going into Jane's room to tell her all about it.

"Oh, Jane, I had such a wonderful time, it was all because of the lucky p.....!"

There in Jane's outstretched hand was the lucky piece, where it had been all evening.

Martha Boone '51

CHRISTMAS - HOW WELL I REMEMBER

When I was very little, the thought of Christmas excited me to the depths of my soul. I never could wait for "the big day." I was no different from any other normal child caught in the fever of the coming holidays. The big chore of writing to Santa Claus was always one of the best parts of Christmas for me, but a headache for my mother. Now that I know what it is to do Christmas shopping, I can see why Mother had a grim look on her face as I listed the many things that all little girls dream of at Christmas time. Dolls with real curls, a carriage to rock her to sleep in, and little dishes to play house with filled my thoughts during the day and my dreams at night. I realize now that, though these thoughts and dreams filled me with happiness, Mother and Dad spent their time thinking of where the money was going to come from to get these presents for me.

There comes a time in every child's life, that heartbreaking moment when he finds out that Santa Claus is only a worldwide loved myth that breeds the good spirit of Christmas in the hearts of young and old alike.

About eight years ago, while living at my Grandmother's, two of my cousins were visiting us for the holiday season. The three of us were sitting around discussing what we had asked Santa to bring us. Out of a clear, blue sky, the older cousin stated definitely that there wasn't any real Santa Claus, and that it was our parents who put the presents under the tree after we had gone to bed. At first, my cousin and I were so stunned that we could not say anything. When we finally realized what she had said, the both of us came to Santa Claus' defense and began to argue. We had loved and believed in him so long that we could not sit by and see him disappear like a bubble from a clay pipe. She brought up some good points and her speech was good but not quite convincing enough. We stood our ground, and finally she became so angry that she stomped over to the closet that was very seldom used by the household, and stood in front of it just staring. We did not know what she was going to do next so we stared also. Finally she turned, gave us a defiant look, and before we knew it, she pulled the door open and there were most of the presents for which we had written Santa. Some of them were still in our mother's shopping bags, and some had labels from stores right in our own town. The shock was a bad one and neither of us said a word. My grandmother wondered why we were so quiet for the next few days.

When my mother arrived home from a day's shopping in the city, carrying a lot of mysterious packages, I was convinced. Sobbing on her lap, I told her what I had discovered. Then and there Mother told me something that I shall never forget. She said to me, "Nancy, if you believe in something strong enough, no one can ever change your mind."

Christmas morning didn't hold so much thrill for me as it would have if I hadn't discovered the well hidden secret of parents at Christmas. But there was one present far under the tree that no one seemed to know about. It was signed "Santa." Down deep in my heart I had a funny feeling, and I thought of what my mother told me. To this day I do not know where the present came from, but I do know that, if and when I have children of my own, their dreams won't come tumbling down around them as abruptly as mine did when my cousin opened that closet.

Nancy Gallien '51

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

About three years ago, our neighborhood was as peaceful and quiet as anyone could want. Everyone was very friendly and nothing ever disturbed us. That was until man's best friend, the dog, arrived. Since that time the dog population has been steadily growing. At the present time, the number of dogs varies from twelve to sixteen.

One of our neighbors has a great liking for dogs. He always has a minimum of four dogs. Naturally, he has an abundance of puppies. His dogs aren't actually friendly.

My first real encounter with mongrels was on a rainy afternoon. My mother had sent me up town for a few groceries. As Chester is a large town, the store is about a mile from my house. By the time I got to my neighborhood, my disposition was at its worst. I had almost passed the dreaded house when I heard a noise behind me. Sure enough, it was the dogs.

They all came rushing for me. I decided to scare them off by swinging the bag of groceries. That was the fatal mistake. The bag of groceries broke. The oranges nicely rolled all over the road. My temper immediately flared. Since then the dogs and I have regarded each other in a not too friendly manner.

Dogs have saved people's lives and have done great deeds. I'll have to admit that the dog is man's best friend. It's a shame that I am a woman.

Nancy Berry '51

THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME

I listened in a stupid silence to the baseball game. My father said it was about time I learned something about the game.

"No runs, no hits, and no errors," blared the announcer.

No runs! No hits! Of course he wouldn't run if he didn't hit anybody.

"Big Boy steps into the batter's box and hits a slow dribbler to third base."

The big baby. Can you imagine a grown man dribbling down third base, and not having enough sense to use his handkerchief?

"With one out, Pesty slams his forty-first round tripper of the year, in the right field bleachers."

Round tripper? I didn't know they could leave in the middle of the game. Where did he say he was going? Oh! Yes, the right field bleachers. Must be a new night club. I'll have to find out.

"Little Zeke broke his wrist, and so he is the fourth strikeout victim of Jesse Paige."

The poor guy! Broke his wrist did he? I'll have to send him a getwell card.

"This is a thrilling ball game, ladies and gentlemen. Up comes the Little Intellectual who has gone for the collar in two trips."

I wonder what kind of a dog it is? Must be a big one if he had to chase it with the collar two times.

"He hits a Texas leaguer into center-field. For the first time in this game, the Red Flops have a man on first with nobody out."

Why didn't they tell me there was going to be a Texas League there? I always love to watch those handsome cowboys.

"It looks as though luck is against the Red Flops today. For Little Intellectual died on base, and a tremendous yell can be heard from the crowd as the Bombers chalk up another win to their credit."

What is civilization coming to? He died on base and the crowd cheered. I don't think I understand that very well.

I would rather hear Ding Drobsey anyway. So I will wait until I am older and crazier to listen to baseball games.

Carol O'Hara '51

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

Jim was sleeping soundly. Suddenly he felt someone shaking his arm. "Wake up, mister! You wanted to get off at Hillsboro, didn't you?"

Jim blinked his eyes and got up. He left the bus and looked for a cab. There wasn't one in sight so he started to walk the five blocks home. It was snowing hard and the wind was blowing so he buttoned his overcoat and hurried home.

When he got home, except for a light on the second floor, the house was dark. Jim was fumbling in his pockets for the key when he saw it. A big black car was parked beside the house. There was no mistaking the car for there was only one like it in Hillsboro. It is belonged to Bob Adams.

Jim sat down on the porch and buried his face in his hands. He remembered how the town had talked when Susan had chosen him, a barber who was twenty years older than she, in preference to Bob Adams. Bob was the richest and best-looking young man in town. He recalled that his wife had been acting strangely and he thought that the difference in ages was causing the trouble.

He got up and walked to the all night restaurant down the street. He telephoned his home and rang several times before his wife answered.

"This is Jim," he said. "I got home from Westboro earlier than I expected. I'll be home pretty soon."

When he arrived home, the car was gone.

Jim's busiest day in the barbershop was Saturday. It was about eleven o'clock that night before the shop was empty. He was all ready to leave, when Bob Adams came in and asked Jim to give him a shave. He was leaving for Boston the next morning and would be too tired to shave. When Jim bent over Bob, he thought that he caught the faint odor of Susan's perfume.

The razor was extra sharp and he decided to end it all by killing Bob. He could put the body in the trunk of his car and bury it out near the old mill.

"Working kind of late, aren't you, Jim?"

While he had been mulling over the idea in his mind, Officer O'Reilly had come in.

"I didn't mean to scare you," O'Reilly laughed. "So it's you under all that lather, Mr. Adams. I'm glad we got your car back for you. Can you imagine those kids stealing that expensive car of yours and then leaving it in Jim's driveway? You must be nervous, Jim, dropping your razor like that. A little more and you might have cut Mr. Adams' throat."

Jean Dubcou '51



Class Notes

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the audience. Once again it is time for the Pinkerton Hour, brought to you over Station WPA-TV, Channel 4.

Our first scene takes us to the Senior room at Pinkerton Academy. It is the first day of school and the class of '50 is getting acclimated for the year ahead. Mr. Conner, the class adviser, is telling us about our privileges. We elected class officers as follows:

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| President | Charles Reynolds |
| Vice President | Betty Chadwick |
| Secretary | Kitty Graham |
| Treasurer | Robert Dumont |
| Student Council | Phyllis Pelletier |
| Members | Richard Kumin |

The first social event of the year is September 15, the Senior Corn Roast. Let's shift the scene to Kumin's camp at Island Pond, where the event is taking place.

What have we here? It seems that the water is very warm, and you will notice a few adventurous souls in swimming. Farther out on the lake, there is a row-boat loaded from stem to stern, and chaperoned by a prominent faculty member.

Badminton and dancing kept most of the class busy, and of course, the refreshments! Corn, hot dogs, tonic, and apples were enjoyed by everybody. The committee for the Corn Roast was Richard Gratton, Kitty Graham, and John Joyce.

Almost before we had recovered from that event, it was time for class pictures to be taken. Mr. Conner gave us fair warning that we wouldn't look like movie stars; but of course, everybody did, so nobody was disappointed.

On September 30, our class held the Freshmen Reception for the Class of '53. How ravishing the Freshmen looked in their pink and blue bonnets! Music was furnished by Johnny Gillespie's Orchestra. The committee was Richard Kumin, Mary Hodgdon, and Richard Kelley.

About this time, the hockey season opened, and the girls chose Betty Rand, captain, and Gladys Carter, manager. The Seniors finished in second place.

Other managers and captains elected are as follows:

Volley-ball - Captain - Phyllis Pelletier Manager - Kitty Graham
Softball - Captain - Gladys Carter Manager - Betty Chadwick

Now for a change of scene. Let's look in on the stage of chapel, where we see a group of actors and actresses rehearsing the Senior play.

Watch closely, now. The first act is about to begin. The play is entitled, "Love is Too Much Trouble." The date for this great production—Dec. 1, 1949.

The cast included:

| | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Jean Whitcomb | Eileen Clark |
| Joan DeCourcy | Edgar Caldwell |
| Marian Clement | Charles Delano |
| Betty Chadwick | Richard Kumin |
| Robert Donegan | Mary Lou Hodgdon |
| Phyllis Pelletier | Gladys Carter |
| Roger Senter | Joanne Merrill |

Now, ladies and gentlemen, we present our home talent show, made up of volunteers from the studio audience.

Our first act appears to be in form of a pantomime. Four or five people have volunteered to act it out, and our job is to guess what they represent. Mm-m. Well, first of all, one is driving a car. Oh, yes, of course. It's the night of the school Halloween party and although the choice of Senior cheerleaders is limited to one, you can Bet (ty) your life the captain of our team had a pleasant drive to Chester. It seems to run in the Rand family, because her brother seems to be in on this scene too. Oh well, after all, we must be friendly to everyone, including the Junior girls.

Any more volunteers for our talent show? I think I see one more coming. We won't mention names, but this contestant's initials are Dick Kumin. He is going to tell the audience about his adventures. This is very interesting, folks! I never knew before that submarines came in at Comeau's Beach, did you? That's just an excuse, because he has neglected to include the details. Before you could say "Presto" (n), word had gotten out by way of the private shore patrol of the Senior Class. It's no use, there's just nothing sacred around here, any more.

Our sponsor reminds us that time is running short, so our television show must come to an end.

Here's hoping you'll be in our audience when we telecast next time. So long everybody and Merry Christmas.

Joanne Merrill '50

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

This is station WPA-TV-Channell 3. We are happy to welcome you to the Junior Class Hour. This program will be in charge of the class officers:

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| President | Robert Wvman |
| Vice President | Jean Spaulding |
| Secretary | Marilyn Kumin |
| Treasurer | Robert Chase |
| Student Council | Lucille Noddin |
| Members | Theodore Lemire |

An important meeting was held to select the class rings. They are different and everyone likes them.

Football seems to be a favorite of the Juniors. Take Johnson, Robert Wvman, Everett Woodbury, Kenny Merrill, William Low, Robert Chase V., David Rand V., Donald Ball V., helped to make the season a success.

The cheerleaders - Shirley Hicks, Agnes Piper, Lucille Noddin, and Virginia Pillsbury, head cheerleader, will now conduct a short pep rally. Let's go, Juniors!

The girls' hockey team came in third with Marilyn Kumin as captain and Virginia Pillsbury as manager.

The boys won the touch football series and tied the Seniors in volleyball. Everyone goes out for sports in a big way.

I have heard a certain Junior girl goes after a certain football player in a big way with a Buick.

There seems to be another romance in the class. The Hicks from Londonderry are trying to ring the school (Bell.) I wonder if they will succeed.

I see it is time to say so long, but don't forget we will be on next week. See you then.

Lucille Noddin '51

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

"Good evening everybody! This is station WPA-TV-Channel 2 giving you a preview of tonight's programs. Our first program this evening comes from Pinkerton Academy where we shall look in on a Sophomore class meeting."

Seated at the desk we see Coach McKernan and Miss McIntyre looking very proud of their class and well might they be because hasn't it put on one of the best Halloween parties the school has ever seen and hasn't it won the annual Freshman-Sophomore football game? The girls have been doing all right in all sports, too. In field hockey, the class has been led by Captain Charlotte Noddin and Manager Joyce Monkley.

The group of girls you see now are the Sophomore cheerleaders. They are as follows:

Lorraine Goyette

Alice Ordway

Joanne Dougan

Ann Tsetsilas

Paula Saunders

They seem to be discussing something with Virginia Pillsbury, the head cheerleader.

Next we shall see a movie of the Halloween party sponsored by the Sophomore class, October 29. It will show the grand march and also the prize winners. The prize for the most original costume goes to Paul Pillsbury as a "Man from Mars." In fact the Sophomores walked off with two prizes. Dorothy Parkinson, Sylvia West, and Lorraine Quimby won the prize for the funniest costumes.

Our next film shows the class officers giving speeches at a previous meeting. They are:

President

Richard Spaulding

Vice President

Jean Clark

Secretary

Patsy Hayes

Treasurer

Robert Rand

Student Council

Joanne Preston

Members

Arnold Buckley

That's about all from Pinkerton and the Sophomore class. We will now continue with our regular programs."

Charlotte Noddin '52

FRESHMEN CLASS NOTES

Good evening, folks. This is station WPA-TV, Channel 1 signing on for an evening of entertainment.

Our first program of the evening will be short film on the activities of the Class of '53.

There we are on the first day of school. We really had quite a time getting organized. But at last we settled down and elected temporary class officers. They are:

President Robert Morrison

Treasurer Kenneth Whitney

There are some shots of the Freshman Reception. We really had a good time at our first social affair in Pinkerton Academy. Those blue and pink hats were really something, and Fred Dobbins looked so natural in that baby carriage. That's the end of the film.

The next program will be Sports Roundup. The girls didn't do a bad job for their first year of field hockey, even if they came in fourth. They were ably led by Eleanor Dumont as captain and Sandra Senter, manager.

The captains and managers of the various other interclass sports:

Softball **Volley ball**

Captain Barbara Jodoin Captain Ruby Wade

Manager Phyllis Verge Manager Pat Gallien

In the traditional Freshman-Sophomore football game, the Freshmen were defeated, but they played a good game. Their coach, Dave Rand and co-captains, Jim Bartlett and Ickey Evans, did a fine job.

In boys' interclass sports, the various captains and managers were chosen as follows:

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Touch football | Volley ball |
| Captain Dave Morrill | Captain Eugene Ross |
| Manager Kenneth Lord | Manager Fred Dobbins |

It's time for the news. Who is it that is so interesting over by Beaver Lake, Phyllis?

To whom does this "Bell" belong. Back?

Red heads seem to agree with Ruthless.

Why are you so interested in Chart 1? - 3 P.M. - 1/2

Carey seems to like the Job — B.

That's the end of this session. Thank you.

M. T. 1.1 152

Boys' Athletic Notes

On September 7, 1949, thirty-two boys reported for the first football practice to Coach Gordon McKernan and his assistants, Mr. Rohanick and Mr. Curran. The boys faced a hard situation for not only did a 17 game winning streak hang intact but also there were few experienced players on the team.

Under the leadership of Captain Harry Piper, the boys worked hard to develop into a promising squad, and on September 24, the following boys took the field for the kick-off:

Bob Chase re, Dave Rand rt, Captain Bud Piper rg, Howard Evans c, Norman Lovell lg, Bill Lannon lt, Donnie Ball le, Irvin Kingsbury qb, Eddie Gallien hb, Bob Madden hb, John Rand fb. Charles Wells was chosen as their manager.

The first game was played with a well-experienced Dracut squad that came out on the long end of a 14-0 score. Nevertheless the boys played a hard heads-up game and showed signs of power.

On October 1, the boys journeyed to Methuen and held a strong Methuen High team to a 13-6 score. In this game the Pinkerton boys scored their first touchdown of the year when Johnnie Rand scored on an end sweep behind good blocking.

Manchester West was the next foe and with Eugene Matteuzzi in at left tackle, the P. A. boys shifted into high gear and piled up a 26-6 win. With the passing of Irvin Kingsbury and the running of Johnnie Rand and Ed Gallien, plus the punting of Bob Madden, the team walked to victory.

Saturday, October 15, Cookie Jodoin started for the injured Bob Madden. The P. A. boys really started to go and again came out on top by a 14-0 score over Towle High of Newport. Behind a strong host of blockers, Eddie Gallien's running was brilliant throughout the game.

The following Saturday, October 22, was rainy, but the P. A. boys kept right on winning by knocking off Exeter High by a 26-0 score with most of the squad seeing action.

At Chelmsford, P. A. kept on the winning trail by racking up a 27-19 victory. The pass catching of Donnie Ball and Bob Chase was brilliant and was a big factor in winning. Again the Pinkerton line was strong and charged the fast Chelmsford backs all afternoon.

The final game was played with Somersworth, and Pinkerton made it five straight by downing a fast Somersworth squad by a score of 21-6. Pinkerton's last touchdown of the year came on a pass from Kingsbury to Chase thus closing a highly successful season.

Inexperience at the start of the season was probably the main reason for keeping the boys from an undefeated season. The Pinkerton line led by Dave Rand, Bud Piper, Norman Lovell, Eugene Matteuzzi was outstanding, and Bill Low deserves mention for his work as center, a position he took over midway in

the season. Captain Harry Piper's place kicking was also good during the season and more than once gave Pinkerton a comfortable lead.

The junior varsity also had a successful season holding Woodbury to a 0-0 tie and then edging Sanborn 14-13. Outstanding players were many and the whole junior varsity squad looks as though it definitely will furnish good material when the 1950 season rolls around.

Robert Dumont '50

Girls' Athletic Notes

The Letterwomen's Association elected the following officers:

| | | |
|----------------|----------------|---------------------|
| President | Vice President | Secretary-Treasurer |
| Betty Chadwick | Mary Hodgdon | Eileen Clark |

Gladys Carter and Betty Chadwick have earned their second Pinkerton Athletic Letters.

The following girls have earned their first Pinkerton Athletic Letters:

| | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Eileen Clark | Ann Barnard |
| Marian Clement | Martha Boone |
| Joan DeCourcy | Marilyn Kumin |
| Jackie Hepworth | Claire Marquis |
| Mary Hodgdon | Virginia Pillsbury |
| Jean Spaulding | |

The first field hockey game was played on October 3. All the games were under the direction of Miss McIntyre. The Sophomore girls proved that they had the strongest team when they beat the Seniors in their last game by a score of 1-0. Miss McIntyre presented the cup to Charlotte Noddin, the captain of the Sophomore team. The Seniors, Juniors, and Freshmen finished in that order.

The classes elected the following hockey captains:

| | |
|-----------|------------------|
| Senior | Betty Rand |
| Junior | Marilyn Kumin |
| Sophomore | Charlotte Noddin |
| Freshman | Eleanor Dumont |

The classes elected the following hockey managers:

| | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| General manager | Evelyn Lambert |
| Senior | Gladys Carter |
| Junior | Virginia Pillsbury |
| Sophomore | Joyce Monkley |
| Freshman | Sandra Senter |
| | Betty Chadwick '50 |

Alumni Notes

The following members of the Class of 1949 are in the service:

Ralph Boone—Army
William Sawyer—Air Corps
Roderick Carey—Army
Arthur Tingley—Marines

The following members of the Class of 1949 are continuing their education in various schools and colleges:

Carl Barnard—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.
Carlene Caldwell—Nashua Memorial Hospital, Nashua, N. H.
Duncan Cameron—University of Maine, Orono, Maine.
Jacqueline Clay—Nashua Memorial Hospital, Nashua, N. H.
Theodore Cote—Chiropractic Institute, New York City, N. Y.
Robert Cournoyer—St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.
Joanne Doherty—Hesser Business College, Manchester, N. H.
Julia Gibbs—Nashua Memorial Hospital, Nashua, N. H.
William Hepworth—Longwood School, Olney, Maryland.
James Hodgdon—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.
Ernest Keith—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.
Barbara Kingsbury—Concord School of Nursing, Concord, N. H.
Gordon Lovell—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.
Glenn MacDonald—Franklin Technical Institute, Boston Mass.
Leona Morrill—Elliott Hospital, Manchester, N. H.
Irene Muzzey—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.
Dolores Pelletier—Concord College, Athens, West Virginia.
Priscilla Rand—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.
Betty Lou Scroggins—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.
Joyce Shepard—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.
Stanley Shooka—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.
Helen Small—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Kenneth Stannard—Apprentice, General Electric Co., Somersworth, N. H.
Nyla Stowe—Fisher School, Boston, Mass.
Edward Traver—Graceland College, Lamoni, Iowa.
Carl Weston—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.

Other members of the class are in the following places:

Charles Bailey—Derry
John Bartlett—Derry
Patricia Boyle—Derry (Mrs. Robert Cassel, Jr.)
Patricia Butterfield—Manchester
Raymond Caron—Derry
Roland Caron—Derry
Barbara Carter—Derry

Marjorie Chase—Derry
Patricia Coburn—Londonderry
Raymond Cote—Derry
James Dougan—Derry
Doris Eaton—Richmond, N. H.
(Mrs. Milton Doubleday, Jr.)
Barbara Gardiner—Manchester
Elbridge Garvin—Derry
David Gates—Derry
Frances Havens—Manchester
Curtis Henderson—Derry
Robert Hicks—Derry
Carolyn Hilberg—Derry
Maurice MacDonald—Colorado
Camille Madden—Manchester
Robert Merrill—Derry
Marjorie Moore—Derry
Lewis O'Brien, Jr.—Derry
Peter Patnaude—Derry
Jeannine Peterson—New York
Martha Pinkham—Derry
Patricia Putnam—Derry
Elaine Rand—Manchester
Leonard Severance—Derry
Louis Severance—Derry
Jean Smith—Derry
Phyllis Souza—Derry
Paul Sullivan—Derry
Henry Therriault—Manchester
Robert Thomas—Derry
George Tyler—Derry
Robert Vedeler—Derry
Virginia Verge—Manchester
William Young—Derry

MARRIAGES

Pauline Shepard '42, to Gordon Leslie Sherman.

Isabella Hall, to Arthur Rider '36.

Cecile Robitaille '43, to Carol Hoisington '35.

Madalene Manning '43, to Armand D. Cote.

Pauline Hall '48, to Glenn Backman.

Doris Eaton '49, to Milton Doubleday, Jr.

Ruth Corliss '37, to James Taylor.

Phyllis Watts '43, to Roy Holton.

Beth Ingalls '42, to Robert Gannon.
 Helen Legenc, to Henry Kuligowski '38.
 Patricia Boyle '49, to Ralph Cassel, Jr.
 Corinne Goodheart '48, to Robert Whitmore.
 Barbara Watson, to Russell Carson '46.
 Phillis Patnaude '48, to Robert McPhee.
 Shirley Chamberlain, to Richard VanDyne '47.

ENGAGEMENTS

Marjorie Chase '49, to Andrew McDivitt, Jr.
 Carolyn Hilberg '49, to Oliver Martin '43.
 Marjorie Nichols '46, to Howard Hunt '45.
 Eleanor Bliss '47, to Henry Murphy.

INTERESTING ITEMS

Leonard F. Gonye, '38 has been promoted to the rank of Major. He is chief of personnel and administration at Slocum Air Force Base, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Ruth E. Bagley '39, director of Nursing and dean of the School of nursing at the Elliot Hospital, has been appointed to the State Board of Nurse Examiners for the State of N. H.

Avalon Crosby '42, Theresa Bokon '44, Edward MacDonald '30, received degrees at the 1949 Commencement at the U. N. H.

After 32 years of teaching, Dr. Carl C. Forsaith '09, has retired as forestry professor at the New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse, N. Y.

Leo Uicker '33 received his degree in engineering from the University of Detroit Engineering College. He has accepted a position with the State of Michigan, Airport Authority.

Irene Keith '37, has been accepted as a member of the Ninety Niners Club, an international organization of women pilots.

Donald Page '46, and Carroll Spafford '45, are recent graduates of Wentworth Institute.

Donald O'Connor '47, and Reva Wright '44, Miriam Dearborn '45, Courtney Allen '45, and William Levandowski '46, were on the Dean's List for the second semester at U. N. H.

George Kachavos '46, was among the twenty-seven Seniors at U. N. H. who were cited as "distinguished military students."

Eileen Clark '50



Crow Notes

The Crow started the new year off rather slowly, but now school seems to be much more exciting.

We see that a certain Junior boy is right on the (Ball). He's already started singing (Carol)s on Marlboro Road.

We wonder when "Red" will be crowned Queen. She's been seen with a King(sbury).

Babe really has an appetite, doesn't he? He's been eating (Tuny) fish sandwiches for some time now.

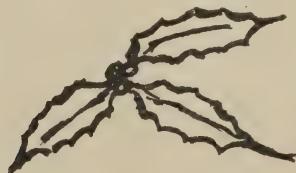
We wonder where Jeannie Ran(d) was the night of the Y-teen Barn Dance?

The Junior Class has poor "Jakie" (Noddin) all the time.

A Senior boy was doing some experimenting in lab and the thought of Dumont products caused an explosion.

Pete Martin caused quite a Storm(ont) the night of the Y-teen Barn Dance.
Best wishes to all. We hope to see you around.

The Crow



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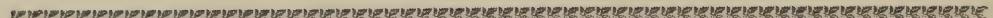
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